

# John Waite, Thinking About You

Thinking about old times  
Thinking about the things we said  
All the worthless games and lies  
I'm looking at myself  
And the mirror's unkind  
You're inside my mind  
And you're outside my eyes

And I'm looking for something  
That's real in my life, something true, yeah!  
And I'm looking for something to hold on to  
But I guess it won't be you

Thinking about  
Thinking about  
Thinking about you all the time  
You're on my mind  
But this song is not for you

Of all the things I could've done  
I walked right out the door  
Left like a loaded gun  
Into the street  
And these new days drag on  
Through the long afternoon  
I'm smashed and Flintstones are on TV

Repeat

Yeah well sometimes I wake up round midnight  
With you wreathed around my skull  
Like a halo of lies most of the time  
And I'm in denial coming down from the ceiling  
I was just your stepping stone  
You burned out all my feelings

Chorus out